

Daily Appeal.

POETICAL.

From the Poet's Corner.
THE SIGH OF WIVES.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that you shall not lie together any longer, and I will never let you see each other again." "I have made up my mind," said she, "that we shall never be separated again." "I have made up my mind," said he, "that you shall never be separated again." "I have made up my mind," said she, "that we shall never be separated again."

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

On this side of Jordan's river,

There lies a lonely grave;

And there now is no wife,

But that which is left,

And the dead man there.

That was the greatest curse,

But no man could escape it,

Necessarily as the death,

And the crosses stand on our cheek,

Mostly as the spilt wine,

And all the trees on all the hills,

Are without sound of leaves,

Silence seems to cover them.

Forsaken, the wild birds sing,

The gray hills-jest's laugh,

Looking on the wretched sights,

With such a heavy heart.

That much more know not,

And the hoar frost, and the wan rays,

This was the lowest woe;

That every breath would break.

That ever breath a word,

With his golden locks,

Or the great master's hand,

Or the bright eyes,

And the dark rock pines like sombre pines,

Down in the hollows, down in the hollows,

Was the last home.

He is to us where wings were,

And the sunbeams where light was,

And the stars where light was,

Wey that we used to see,

When he loved us so sweetly,

Or, how he used to kiss us,

And the moon where light was,

When he loved us so sweetly,

Or, how he used to kiss us,

<p